I am determined to prooue a villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these daies:
Plots haue I laid inductious dangerous,
By drunken Prophesies, libels and dreames,
To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate the one against the other.
And if King Edward be as true and iust,
As I am subtile, false, and trecherous:
This day should Clarence closely be mewed vp,
About a Prophecy which saies that G.
Of Edwards heires the murtherers shall be.
Dive thoughts downe to my soule, *Enter Clarence with a gard of men.*
Heere Clarence comes,
Brother, good dayes, what meanes this armed gard
That waites vpon your grace?
Clar. His Maiesty tendering my persons safety hath appointed
This conduct to conuay me to the tower.
Glo. Vpon what cause?
Cla. Because my name is George.
Glo. Alacke my Lord that fault is none of yours,
He should for that commit your Godfathers:
O belike his Maiesty hath some intent
That you shalbe new christened in the Tower.
But vvhats the matter Clarence may I know?
Cla. Yea Richard when I know; for I protest
As yet I doe not, but as I can learne,
He harkens after Prophecies and dreames,
And from the crosse-rowe pluckes the letter G:
And saies a wisard told him that by G,
His issue disinherited should be.
And for my name of George begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he.
These as I learne and such like toies as these,
Haue moued his highnes to commit me now.
Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the King that sends you to the tower,
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence tis she,

That

That tempers him to this extremity,
Was it not she and that good man of worshippe
Anthony Woodvile her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the tower,
From whence this present day he is deliuered?
We are not safe Clarence, we are not safe.
Cla. By heauen I thinke there is no man is securde,
But the Queenes kindred and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King and Mistresse Shore,
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his deliuery.
Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his liberty.
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men and weare her liuery.
The iealous orewome widdow and her selfe,
Since that our brother dubd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.
Bro. I beseech your Graces both to pardon me:
His Maiesty hath streightly giuen in charge,
That no man shall haue priuate conference,
Of what degree soeuer with his brother.
Glo. Euen so and please your worship Brokenbury,
You may pertake of any thing we say:
We speake no treason man, we say the King
Is wise and vertuous, and his noble Queene
Well stroke in yeres, faire and not iealous,
We say that Shores wife hath a prety foote,
A cherry lippe, a bonny eie, a passing pleasing tongue:
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentlefolks.
How say you sir, can you deny all this?
Bro. With this (my Lord) my selfe haue nought to do.
Glo. Naught to do with Mistris Shore, I tell thee fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one
Were best he doe it secretly alone.
Bro. I beseech your Grace to pardon me, and withal forbeare
Your conference with the noble Duke.

We